Our Boys and Girls.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

You start at the gate labelled "Push,"
If it creaks on its hinge, never mind,
Though many dismayed at the sound,
Turning back in despair you will find.

When you enter, go on straight ahed ,
'Tis the road that's called "System" you take;
There's "Happy-go-lucky" close by—
Be sure that you make no mistake!

Yours leads along "Energy's" vale,
Up "Difficult" hill on the right,
Then it enters "Perplexity's" woods—
Ahead there is no ray of light!

You mustn't stop here, but go on,
"Purpose" river's just over the crest;
Once crossed, the fair plains of "Success"
Offer richest refreshment and rest.

—*Adelbert F. Caldwell.*

HOW "TIGE" SAVED THE BROILERS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

Rebecca Whitney loved animals. When —while sitting on the piazza steps—she saw Roy Settle (who lived next door) kick a kitten, she was greatly disturbed. Running to the gate, she said to Roy, "Is that *your* kitten you kicked?"

"Nope," the boy answered indifferently with his hands in his pockets, "'tisn't anybody's, it's nothing but a stray."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said, her voice trembling with indignation; "how would *you* like to be kicked?"

Roy laughed, but he really *was* ashamed. Rebecca, looking around for the "stray," called persuasively:

"Kitty! kitty!" and when she found the poor creature hiding in a crevice of the stone wall, she bent down and stroked its rumpled fur softly. Presently it stopped trembling and then Rebecca coaxed it to come out. After some urging kitty responded slowly, but, alas, it was lame! It walked on three legs, the fourth had been injured.

"There," cried Rebecca to Roy, who lingered near to see what was to be done with the injured kitty, "you've hurt the poor kitty's leg with your ugly kick. Go away!"

He went on, laughing to himself.

"A great fuss over nobody's cat," was his thought.

Rebecca lifted up the wounded creature and carried it around the house to the backyard, where she found Cyrus, the man-of-all-work.

"Cy,' said she, "Roy Settle kicked this poor little kitty and hurt its leg —I guess it's broken."

Cyrus, who was a big hearted man with ever ready sympathy, took the poor little stray into his arms as gently as if it had been a suffering child. Examining the hurt leg carefully, he said:

"'Tain't broke, Miss Rebecca, but it's pretty well bruised."

He had some liniment in the stable, which he used on stray's leg, after which he bandaged it. At this point Rebecca took the poor creature in charge.

"I'm going to keep it," she said.

"Lucky cat," was Cy's laughing comment; "no one'll dispute your claim, Miss Rebecca."

So the poor abused wanderer found a home. It was thin almost to emaciation and had the unmistakable look of a tramp. But as the days passed by he grew to be a fine example of the power of kindness. When he grew plump and his fur became smooth and thick he was a fine animal.

"He's marked like a tiger," declared Rebecca, "and he's grown too big to be called kitty—I'll call him 'Tige.'"

Tige showed his devotion to Rebecca in many ways. He followed her as if he were a dog. He grew steadily until he was a magnificent fellow.

"Will he *ever* stop growing, Cy?" Rebecca asked, laughing.

"Some day—perhaps," was Cy's answer; "he's as big as a cheetah now."

"What's a cheetah?"

"Oh, it's a big wildcat over in Asia or Africa or somewhere. Folks use him to hunt with, and they're great at that sort of thing. Tige would make as good a hunting cat as a cheetah if he was trained. He's killed every rat and mouse on the premises. Before we had him the rats used to fairly riot in the stables."

There came a time when Mr. Whitney had a fine lot of young broilers in the hen house. He looked at them every morning and night with great pride. One morning, however, he came into breakfast greatly disturbed.

"Two of our fine broilers are gone," he announced.

"Weasels?" questioned Mrs. Whitney.

"No," he said, "some two-legged chicken thieves. I wish I had the handling of them."

The following morning two more broilers were gone.

"We will have to set a watch," declared Mr. Whitney.

Suddenly Rebecca thought of her cat.

"Why, there's Tige, papa; why couldn't he watch?"

Mr. Whitney laughed.

"Tige would have a fine meal of broilers," he said; "you can't trust chickens with cats."

"I don't believe Tige would touch one," declared Rebecca, emphatically, "he has been taught *not to touch a chicken.*"

"Who taught him that?"

"I did."

"Well," said Mr. Whitney, after some reflection, "I've a notion to make the venture. Tige wouldn't be liable to make a meal out of more than one chicken, anyway, tonight, and—possibly —he and the broilers together might raise such a row if a thief came that we would catch him.'"

That night Tige was talked to as if he were a detective. Mr. Whitney told him to catch the thief "like a good fellow." So did Rebecca, so did Cyrus.

The chickens went to roost and Tige made up his mind to go to sleep in his new quarters. In his cat mind was an unsolved problem, viz., "What am I here for?"

The night wore on. The clock struck eleven when Tige was suddenly aroused by a stealthy but somewhat unsteady step. He raised up to see what it meant, and then—quickly—he sprang to a beam over head, his velvety paws making no sound. An old colored man, with a lantern swinging in front of him from a strap fastened around his neck, was regarding the fine brood of twenty-one broilers with fervent desire. As Tige watched, his eyes became green with anger and flashed threateningly at the intruder, who was not aware of any spectators except the frightened broilers. When the old man grabbed two of the fattest chickens, Tige suddenly comprehended *why* he had been transferred. With one magnificent, exultant leap he lighted on the wooly head of Sambo Jinks. There was one wild, weird shriek from the latter, who thought the end of the world had come. He dropped the broilers and gave vent to his pain and terror.

"Serves you right," said a gruff voice, and there stood Mr. Whitney.

But the momentary gruffness was drowned in a burst of uncontrollable laughter.

Mrs. Whitney and Rebecca, having been awakened by the noise, were looking out of the upper windows, laughing heartily.

Meanwhile, Tige clung to old Sambo's woolly head, clawing mercilessly.

"Take dat debbil offen me, massa, take him off," screamed old Sambo, in an agony of fright.

"Are you quite sure you'll leave my broilers alone hereafter?"

"Dead shuah, massa, cross mah heart! I'll neber go neah dis hen house again 's long ez I lib."

"All right, then," and going to Tige, Mr. Whitney coaxed him to release his victim, which he did reluctantly.

The next day Mr. Whitney bought a beautiful little silver-plated collar of light weight for Tige, who seemed to understand he was a hero by the unusual attention he received.

"You deserve it, you dear, plucky Tige," said Rebecca, as she buckled the collar, "for you saved papa's broilers."—*The Chris. Work.*

THE QUARRELSOME KATYDID.

I don't know whether he began it, but certainly he kept the quarrel going. He was in the elm-tree, and the others were in some birches, a little way off. He would say, in a slow kind of drawl:

"She—did."

Then those in the birch trees would answer:

"She didn't!" "She didn't!" "Katy didn't!" "Katy didn't!"

When they paused, the one in the elm tree would say, quietly, as if he were sure he was right:

"She—did."

Then the chorus would start up, and answer back, all together, that Katy didn't!

He had such a lazy way of saying it. It seemed to be too much trouble for him to speak her name. He would just say enough to set the other to contradicting him:

"She—did."

I think he leaned back in the elm tree every time, and enjoyed the uproar he caused.

It was a night in September, and, although it was quite warm for the season, the Katydids did not talk all night without a pause, as they do in summer, or as fast. Perhaps the one in the elm-tree felt the cold more than the others, and that made him feel quarrelsome; but it seemed to me that he really enjoyed making the Katydids excited and angry.

They kept up the dispute until I fell asleep.

Late in the night—or early in the morning—I was awakened by a loud crash of thunder. The rain was pouring down on the roof, making a great deal of noise. Then there came a flash of lightning, and more thunder.

When the storm had passed it was very quiet for a while; then, above the sound of water dripping off the eaves, came that lazy, provoking voice from the elm-tree:

"She—did."

He said it in such a drawling, positive way that was no wonder that the others were angry at once, and answered back:

"She didn't!" "She didn't!" "Katy didnn't!"

"She—did," said the lazy one, and they kept on until it was nearly time for the sun to rise. If there was ever a pause any length, the Katydid in the elm-tree started the quarrel afresh.

The next night there was danger of a frost, and the flowers out of doors had to be covered up to keep them from freezing.

After dark I went to the door to see if I could hear the Katydids. They were too cold to talk. Even the little cricket grew discouraged before morning, and kept still as a mouse. And I never heard the Katydids again until the next season, when they talked about Katy among themselves, as usual. The provoking fellow of the elm-tree was not among them.—*Little Folks.*

Camphor ice will be found valuable for chapped hands, lips, or skin. To make it, take equal parts of olive oil, white beeswax, spermacetti, and gum camphor; melt all together and add half an ounce of pulverized borax; stir, and pour into little jars, and cool.

CRAMPS,

Pain in the Stomach, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, and all kinds of Summer Complaint are quickly cured by taking

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

It has been used by thousands for nearly sixty years—and we have yet to hear a complaint about its action. A few doses have often cured when all other remedies have failed. Its action is Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable and Effectual.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the original Bowel Complaint Cure.

Refuse Substitutes. They're Dangerous.

When Your Joints Are Stiff

and muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. **USE**

Painkiller